**Boundary Obliteration**

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# Boundary Obliteration

by jonnimir


Summary

Kinktober Day 31: Incest + Costumes + Mirror Sex.

Will is aware that his son isn't exactly normal, but he's still taken aback when Hannibal decides to seduce him.


Notes

Warnings details: Hannibal is 17 and Will’s stepson, but he became his stepson when he was only 9. There are vague allusions to Hannibal’s more-than-familial interest in Will starting around age 15, but nothing sexual happens until he’s 17. Hannibal 100% initiates everything and Will tries very hard to be responsible and put a stop to it, but fails.

See the end of the work for more notes

Will's impression of Hannibal had changed over the years. When they first met, when Will was dating his mother and Hannibal was only nine, Will thought the same as anyone—that he was charming, precocious, stunningly eloquent, and wonderfully mannered. But there was, nonetheless, something about him that was a bit off, if not outright troubling. By the time he was a teenager and Will had officially became his stepfather, he began to ask increasingly perceptive and disturbing questions about Will's job working homicide. Will was resolved to at least keep a close eye on him, but he grew a soft spot where Hannibal was concerned. Since he was young, Hannibal had always been eager to tag along for any activities with Will, whether dog walking or fishing expeditions, and it wasn't long before Will began to think of him as his son in earnest.

Because of his desire to see the best in him, Will tried not to look too closely at the fact that Hannibal seemed, all in all, not particularly disturbed by his mother's sudden death when he was fifteen, save for a few tears the day it happened. He chose not to look too closely at the fact that the only significant change in his behavior afterward was that he asked for more time with Will, spending some of it curled against him on the sofa. Will took to using the guest room after their loss, too disoriented by his wife's absence to stay in the same bed, and it was Hannibal who, after becoming aware of Will's unfortunate streak of nightmares, decided he shouldn't be sleeping alone, and climbed into bed with him. Will couldn't bring himself to protest—his presence was appreciated, in the end. Hannibal woke him from his nightmares and squeezed his hand reassuringly. Will was able to convince himself that all this was entirely innocent, and reminded himself that everyone grieves differently. And at least Hannibal had not manifested any of the behaviors he had been concerned might appear at adolescence—no increased violence or trouble with the law. He even became more adept at social camouflage, besides retaining enough of his mother's Lithuanian accent that Will suspected he was deliberately resisting assimilation.

Will almost let himself believe that things could turn out something close to normal for their family. But as it turned out, that wasn't going to last forever.

The first time it happened, Will was sure it was an accident. Hannibal wasn't even supposed to be home that evening; he'd said he would be at the library doing some schoolwork. Will didn't see any sign of him around when he got home from work, so when he found some of Hannibal's socks mixed in with his own laundry, he didn't hesitate to open Hannibal's bedroom door so he could put them on his bed. But what he found instead was Hannibal himself, leaning close to his full-length mirror to dab something on his face, and very nearly naked.

*Nearly*, because from behind him Will had a very clear view of the sheer stockings with a thin black seam that drew his eyes all the way up to cheeky black lace panties that hugged Hannibal's hips very tightly. Hannibal was leggy and lightly toned, the result of his dedication to his dance lessons, and Will's eyes hesitated to pull away from the sight even when his stomach suddenly lurched and he had the very strong sense that he really shouldn't be looking. But when he did, he saw Hannibal meeting his eyes in the mirror's reflection, lips parted and stained crimson, and cheeks pink—though whether from embarrassment or an artful imitation by makeup, Will wasn't sure.

He realized he had frozen in place when Hannibal's eyebrows rose. "Did you need something?" he asked, voice far too well-modulated for someone whose privacy had just been invaded.

"I just…" Will raised the handful of socks in the air by way of explanation, and dropped them just inside the door. Then, "This is private."

"Rather."

Will nodded, and turned away, pulling the door shut behind him with a click. Then, weakly, he called out, "Dinner in an hour."

"I'll be there."

When Hannibal came down to dinner he had washed off his makeup, but his lips remained a darker shade of pink than usual, whether they were stained or abraded from scrubbing off lipstick. He acted as if nothing at all unusual had just transpired, and Will wondered, not for the first time, if Hannibal was even capable of feeling embarrassment or shame, or if he was simply so self-assured that the potential judgment of others was utterly irrelevant to him.

In contrast, the shade of Hannibal's lips made it impossible for Will to forget what he had seen, and he was currently judging himself hard enough that for the first time since his youth in the South he wondered if he should see a priest. Even after dinner, and sporadically for the next few weeks, the ghost of Hannibal's image proved difficult to eradicate.

Hannibal had expressed his desire to go to a costume party the Saturday before Halloween. It was an unusual request, given Hannibal's usual lack of interest in teen parties—Will had expected he'd be lining up a marathon of black and white horror films like Nosferatu and the Cabinet of Dr. Caligari like he had last year, or carving excruciatingly elaborate jack o'lanterns like he had the year before. But it was a harmless enough request, and considering how hard it had been to convince Hannibal to socialize with his peers, Will was almost grateful for it. He'd given him permission to go as long as he was home by midnight, which Hannibal assured him wouldn't be a problem.

When the night arrived, Will went to see him out and hand over the car keys. But as soon as he caught sight of him, he froze in place.

He was wearing a cliched French maid costume—a skimpy black dress with lacy white trim and apron, skirting a couple inches above thigh-high stockings and garters. A lace choker, delicate gloves, a ruffled headband, shiny black stilettos, and a petite feather duster finished it off. His makeup featured the same crimson lipstick he had worn before.

When Will stopped tripping over his own tongue, he said, "You're not going out in that."

The playful tilt of Hannibal's mouth fell into a hard line. "Why not?"

“Because…” Will bit his tongue, swallowing back whatever within him was a bit too protective, a bit too guarded and agitated at the thought of anyone else getting a glimpse of this near-pornographic sight. “You’ll get cold,” he finished, not entirely convincingly.

“I’ll be indoors.”

Rushing for another answer, he ended on, “It’s too revealing,” and winced.

“That’s a new one,” Hannibal said dryly. “You say that like I’m some innocent thing to be protected, and you’re worried someone’s going to look too closely at daddy’s little angel.”

Will swallowed hard. “I’m saying that because I’m worried you’re going to fall out of whatever lacy little number you have under there and will get arrested for public indecency.”

Hannibal stepped closer to Will, close enough for him to see the heaviness of his mascara-dressed eyelashes. “Is that *really* what you’re worried about? *Daddy*?”

Will tasted blood. “I don’t know what you’re talking about. Just take it off.”

Hannibal’s nostrils flared, and his head tilted. His tongue teased his upper lip, and he nodded. “If you insist.”

He tugged off one glove, then the other, and dropped them on the floor. Although Will should have, he somehow didn’t expect that the natural progression of this was to remove more clothing. But Hannibal’s next move was to reach behind his back and tug the zipper of his dress down, shrugging one shoulder out of it when there was slack.

Will instinctively reached to stop this, hand shooting out and pulling it back over Hannibal’s shoulder. “*No*,” he said harshly. “I didn’t mean…”

But the natural result of this was that his hand was now resting on Hannibal’s shoulder, and he could feel the heat of his skin. And Hannibal’s eyes were now even closer, and smiling at him.

Will’s hand withdrew abruptly. “Take it off. In your room.”

“That’s very specific.”

“Apparently I needed to be. Go.”

It was a harsher command than was probably strictly necessary for the situation, and Hannibal’s face fell. “Fine,” he said, voice much quieter. “I suppose that means no Halloween for me.”

“I suppose not,” Will said.

Hannibal turned and walked away, zipper still undone and revealing a deep vee of his back, far too low for Will’s comfort.

He scrubbed his hands up and down his face and turned away, thinking a glass of bourbon might be the only solution. He poured a few fingers of his best bottle, and tried to appreciate the rich flavor instead of thinking about Hannibal.

He had expected Hannibal to sulk, but when there hadn't been any sign of him in the next forty minutes, he started to feel bad. He had probably overreacted. The outfit was risqué, but Hannibal was nearly of legal age anyway, and if he wanted to go walking around town looking like a stripper, that was his prerogative. And his behavior—well, he was a teenager, so being intentionally contrary was natural enough, and he always pushed back a bit when Will tried to draw lines. There was nothing more to it. Will might have had some things flash through his mind that had no business being there, but that was entirely on him, not Hannibal. And having distinctly unfatherly thoughts was probably a sign that he wasn't in a place to trust his judgment call on this, anyway. Hannibal was a good kid, mostly. It's not like he'd decided to do it just to randomly piss Will off.

By the time he reached the bottom of the glass, he'd decided he owed Hannibal an apology, and that he might as well apologize now rather than let the sulkiness intensify.

He rapped on Hannibal's door. "Hannibal?" he asked tentatively.

There was no answer, though he heard a faint rustling inside.

"I, uh." He paused. "I think I might have overreacted. I don't want you to think… I mean, it's harmless, it's fine, I was just surprised. I…" Although he'd gotten more practice with it in recent years, he'd never had as many of these kinds of conversations with Hannibal as his mom had, and he hated talking to the door, with no response. "Can I come in?"

"Yes," was the reply.

He opened the door, expecting a rumpled and disgruntled Hannibal in PJs, maybe with smeared makeup. And Hannibal had, in fact, taken off the maid outfit. But only partially.

He was sitting on the bed with his back against the wall, head tilted lazily back, wearing the same stockings, garters, and the same lacy panties that Will had accused him of having on. He still had on the delicate lacy choker and red lipstick artfully highlighting his bowed lips. And nothing else.

And when Will looked—because he couldn't help but look between his casually spread legs when so much lace was framing it—he could see the tip of Hannibal's cock protruding. And it looked thick, semi-hard.

"Christ," Will choked out. His hand clenched on the doorknob, but he didn't close it. And he didn't look away. "You shouldn't have said—"

"I wouldn't have said you could if I didn't want you to enter," Hannibal said softly. His fingers curled slightly to clutch the bedding, and his long legs spread just slightly further apart.

Will's mouth was bone dry. "What are you doing?"

“Come here.” Hannibal’s voice was firm, but still soft. Soft enough that Will *knew* it was an act, because Hannibal telling him anything else firmly, on any other day, would be crisp and brusque. He hesitated. “Daddy, please.”

Heart quaking in his chest, he walked into the middle of the room, eyes not sure where to go. They slid off Hannibal’s all-too-enticing form and over to the titles on his bookshelf, which Will perused as if suddenly fascinated, even though all that was happening in his mind was a dull buzzing.

“Closer.”

He took a step closer, legs trembling.

“Look at me.”

“Hannibal—”

“Please.”

He looked, and nearly choked. Hannibal’s hand had quietly slipped to cover his groin, but not with modesty—he was rubbing gently through the delicate fabric. Will was speechless.

“I saw the way you looked at me earlier. It’s okay.”

“*Okay*?” His voice cracked, and he looked away, rubbing at his eyes as if all this was a mirage that might just go away. “Nothing about this is *okay*, Hannibal. What the hell are you doing?”

“You’re in denial. You’ll never feel better unless you give yourself what you want.”

“What I want is for you to cover yourself up and give me a reasonable explanation for this. Are you… are you drunk, or high, or…?”

“Neither. Although it smells like *you’ve* been drinking.”

“Not nearly enough to make this okay. And I don’t believe you. There has to be some kind of explanation.”

But secretly, he was already beginning to fear there wasn’t. Hannibal was as calm and as matter-of-fact as he had been when Will had accidentally intruded upon him before. Maybe this was just the sort of thing that didn’t ping Hannibal as being “wrong.”

“What’s not okay about this? I’m quite old enough to give consent.”

“Not legally. And I’m your father.”

“So? Society places a taboo on incest for fear of inbreeding and coercive circumstances. But I’m initiating this, and there’s no breeding happening here. No reason for concern.”

There was no way Will could win this through rational arguments, not when Hannibal seemed to have the conversation cornered with logical explanations and all Will had was an abstract judgment of *wrong* that clearly meant absolutely nothing to his son. Instead, he tried a different tack.

"What's the deal with the costumes, then? If you're willing to speak so directly about your… interests, why'd you have to do all this?

Hannibal shrugged slightly. "You're not particularly receptive to the idea, so just talking about it would have gotten me nowhere. But you've never been good about remembering to use private browsers, so I had a few hints as to where we might have mutual interests. This seemed more likely to be effective."

Will blushed, and Hannibal slouched down—for a moment, Will almost hoped it was finally some degree of self-consciousness, but no—he was merely edging close enough to the side of the bed that when he extended his lithe leg, he could stroke his pointed foot up the inside of Will's thigh.

Will startled and grabbed the foot before it could reach his crotch, but then he was holding the boy's stockinged foot in his hand, and his thumb slid over the silky sole, and the way Hannibal flexed it and shivered in response made his stomach flutter uncomfortably. He presented too pretty a picture like this, no sign of strain despite his leg being so far stretched out, and Will was beginning to fervently regret agreeing to pay for the dance lessons Hannibal had asked for. Especially because he had seen the flexibility he was capable of, and he knew when he took a half-step closer and raised Hannibal's foot higher to press against his chest, he would be able to hold the position. And Will's hand was suddenly free to run from his ankle to his knee, and he was close enough to hear the intake of breath that resulted. And Hannibal, arms braced against his mattress and head tilted back without his eyes ever leaving Will's, stretched his leg even further to caress the side of Will's neck.

After having gone so long without this kind of intimate contact, it was Will's turn to tremble. Hannibal's silky foot slid up to his jaw, then over the roughness of his cheek, scratching audibly.

Will's lips parted, and Hannibal's toes finally brushed over his lips, resting on the lower until Will broke and touched it with his tongue, then dipped his head just enough to take it into his mouth. It was clean, freshly washed, and Will sucked with a weak noise, until Hannibal pulled back and the damp stocking dragged back across his cheek.

He looked, and saw the boy's chest rising and falling, eyes dark and burning, cheeks now looking genuinely flushed.

It took barely a moment for the rest of his resolve to crumble.

He bent down and forward, one knee landing on the mattress, and Hannibal's knee settled over his shoulder as Will surged forward to kiss him. He kept a hand on Hannibal's thigh, keeping him tight against him, making him fold in half as he knew he could—he'd seen him do splits without batting an eyelash.

Hannibal made a ragged gasp as Will made contact with his lips. His thigh tightened and he kissed back fiercely, not shy as he opened his mouth, licked, nipped. His teeth in Will's lip made him growl and claw his fingers into his leg, and Hannibal released him with a soft gasp. With his other knee joining the first between Hannibal's legs, Will was steady enough to grasp at Hannibal's nape and hold him still as he bit back in turn, part of him almost furious with the nerve of the boy, but equally and unmistakably aroused as well.

He pulled back to look at him, and Hannibal's perfectly applied lipstick was now smeared over his mouth, and surely Will's as well. He automatically wiped his own mouth with the back of his hand, but Hannibal was looking beautifully debauched, and he greatly appreciated that he hadn't bothered to invest in something more smudge-proof.

In the time it took him to absorb the sight, Hannibal already set about tugging at the buttons of Will's shirt, fingers uncharacteristically sloppy and rushed. Will assisted him, meeting halfway and then shrugging the damn thing off and onto the floor. Hannibal dropped his leg off Will's shoulder, and he had barely a moment to be disappointed before the boy got his fingers into Will's waistband and tugged, pulling himself into a sitting position. He ran an appreciative hand over Will's bare chest, lingering with his thumb brushing over a nipple, before lowering it to pull at the button of his jeans.

Will captured his hand in his own, suddenly frozen with another burst of self-awareness and flushing. Things were already damning enough, but this seemed like a step they could never come back from. He opened his mouth to protest, but Hannibal hushed him and disentangled his hand.

"Don't pretend you don't want this," he said. "Let me make you feel good, daddy."

And Will certainly didn't have the brain cells to piece together another protest after that.

Hannibal pulled him free of his underwear and all too soon his firm touch had Will fully hard.

He looked up to meet Will's eyes, and while there was nothing altogether innocent about him to start with, it was difficult to ignore that it was Will who had rendered him so uncharacteristically disheveled.

Will ran his fingers through Hannibal's hair, still nearly dark enough to match Will's own, though its golden highlights grew stronger with age, as his mother's had. He ran a thumb over his cheekbone, sharp enough to feel like carved stone, and stared at his damp and red-smeared lips.

"Fuck," he whispered, helpless. "Look at you."

Hannibal's lips curved and his eyes glinted.

"You don't have to be so smug," Will admonished.

Hannibal didn't answer. Instead, he lowered his mouth to the tip of Will's cock, red lips parting to take it into his mouth.

When Will felt the hot press of his tongue against the slit, he gasped, fingers through Hannibal's bangs.

"Fuck," he said again. He couldn't get past the idea that this was his son, his son had his cock in his mouth right this minute and Will wasn't going to do a thing about it. It felt too good—even the burning sense of shame felt like it was merely adding heat to the fire, stoking the coals.

Hannibal's tongue didn't relent, sliding beneath and teasing the frenulum as he added enough suction to make Will swear again.

Hannibal pulled back with an obscene squelch, licking up the abundant saliva that threatened to drip to the floor. "Using such filthy language in front of your son," he said, eyebrows raised but expression playful. "For shame."

He blew a cool breath onto Will's length, who grunted, and his fingers tightened in Hannibal's hair. He wanted to reprimand him for being such a tease, but that would have really taken away any high ground he hoped to retain in this situation.

Hannibal knew it. He knelt and spread his knees wide, and palmed himself openly with his free hand, panting just centimeters away from Will's erection in the most enticing way. He teased with the lightest touch of his tongue, and Will was aware of how heavy his own breathing had grown, how tense and eager he'd become. He wanted to push Hannibal's head back down onto his cock, see if he would go so far down that he would gag. He wanted to take back some control when Hannibal had been the one manipulating the situation, prove to himself that he still had some authority and he could use it.

Hannibal's eyes were hooded and his pupils were fattened with lust. He pressed a soft kiss to the head, and then the shaft, holding him too delicately to be truly satisfying. Will gritted his teeth. He was pretty sure it was audible.

"I want this, and you want this," Hannibal murmured. "Show me how much. Show me how much you want me, daddy."

"I can't—"

But Will knew he was losing this battle. He was too far gone, and the sight of Hannibal's lips, damp and still provocatively red, hovering over his cock—it was too much to handle.

When Hannibal's breath ghosted over his most sensitive skin, enough to give him goosebumps, Will gave in. He got a proper fist of Hannibal's hair and snarled.

"You really want me to show you? You want me to stop putting up with this teasing and put that mouth to good use?"

His words hung in the air for a moment, and he felt his heart seizing in his chest, emotions tangled and pulsing, a sudden chilling terror that he had gone too far, he had misjudged Hannibal when he had really just wanted to be playfully teasing.

But Hannibal practically moaned, eyes fluttering. When he made eye contact with Will, he suddenly saw—Hannibal's attraction, some dark slithering thing that saw the hints of something powerful in his father, some dark drive that he was drawn to magnetically, wanted to pull out of him kicking and screaming—

Hannibal's eyes closed, and he said, "Yes." And Will was suddenly back in his own mind, and practically shaking.

"Then open your mouth," Will said quietly. Hannibal bit his lip, hard—obedience had never been his strong suit, even if he wanted to do what he'd been ordered—but he did, at least enough for Will to successfully guide his cock into his mouth.

He held Hannibal's head steady with the grip on his hair as he fucked in gently but insistently, finally relieving some of the growing ache. Hannibal's nostrils flared and he made a soft noise when Will approached the back of his throat, and he reverted to more shallow thrusts.

Hannibal's hands clutched at Will's hipbones, and he raised his eyes to Will's in an expression that struck him as nothing less than hopeful.

He inhaled shakily. "If you want me to back off, just… tap out. Okay?"

Hannibal blinked twice quickly and tightened his grip, almost demanding. Discarding his reservations, Will tried to focus not on the incestuous nature of this but just on the sight of Hannibal's plump lips widened around his cock, how hot and inviting his mouth was, how eager his lust-darkened eyes, how easy it was to slide into this wet hole until Hannibal gagged slightly, tightening around him.

He hesitated only a split second more before sliding his hand to the back of Hannibal's skull and holding it steady as he pushed in further. Hannibal grunted and his eyes flickered closed, and Will could feel the constriction as his cock butted against the back of his throat. He hissed as Hannibal swallowed around him, and pulled back just for the pleasure of bottoming out again.

When he pushed further, rocking in deep and slow, Hannibal's eyes squeezed shut, discomfort tightening across his face. Will felt bad for just a second, but as soon as he relented slightly Hannibal moaned foggily and pushed himself further down until Will was caught snugly in his throat. And there he remained, though he sounded like he was choking and his grip on Will grew tighter.

Will whimpered, nails scratching against the boy's skull as his hand spasmed closed. It was almost overwhelming—the sensation, the sight, the sound of him as he forced himself down.

"That's it, Hannibal. So good, fuck."

When Hannibal pulled back, gagging even harder, spit hung from his lips. And when he blinked his eyes back open, tears squeezed themselves out of the corners, muddling the clean lines of his makeup and leaving a hint of grey streaking down his cheek.

“Damn it, Hannibal,” Will said, voice crackling. “You should see yourself like this. You’re so…”

*Sinful*, was the only word that came to mind that could properly describe this. Or perhaps debauched. But sinful, certainly, was how Will felt at this moment, seeing what he’d done to his son. Even more so when the fantasy surged up of coming on Hannibal’s face just like it was now, adding streaks of cum to the mess of makeup and tears.

Hannibal smiled, still managing to seem smug despite everything. Satisfied of the impact he was having on his father, Will was sure.

Will wanted to see him slightly less sure of himself, slightly more rattled. It wasn’t fair that he hold all the cards and Will be left scrambling for his footing.

Barely even thinking of what he was about to do, he backed off the bed and grabbed Hannibal’s arm, pulling him to his feet. Hannibal didn’t struggle, but he looked confused, until Will ungracefully shoved him in front of the full-length mirror, the same one in which he had first seen Hannibal dressing himself up. The Hannibal’s eyes widened slightly in understanding, and his lips parted.

Will stood behind him, watching over his shoulder as the boy took in the sight of himself in such disarray. He couldn’t help but continue to touch him as he did so, hands running along his narrow flanks and tugging playfully at his garter belt.

“See what you’ve done to yourself?” Will whispered. His eyes dropped and lingered on the sight of Hannibal’s erection, so poorly contained by the skimpy garment strung around his hips. It looked reddened and desperate for attention.

“I see what *you’ve* done to *me*,” Hannibal replied softly. “And what I’ve done to you.”

He guided one of Will’s hands from his hip forward, over the feminine underwear until it cradled his cock. Will didn’t have to be further prompted to give it a squeeze, which immediately made Hannibal whimper. His head dropped back onto Will’s shoulder and his head nudged against his neck.

“Daddy,” he whispered, voice ghosting at his ear.

Will clenched his jaw. He thumbed the lace waistline of the underwear thoughtfully before decisively yanking it down, freeing Hannibal’s cock so it sprung loose. He watched in the mirror, and cursed. He pulled the underwear even further down just to be sure, to bare his balls—but there wasn’t a trace of hair, all trimmed smooth against the skin. His stomach tightened and his face flushed.

“You’re not making me feel less sinful about this, you know,” he said in a hoarse voice.

In the mirror, he could see the stretch of Hannibal’s smile. “Pubic hair fit poorly with the lace aesthetic. This is better. Cleaner.”

Despite himself, Will's fingers descended, feeling the smooth skin left behind—the root of his cock, his ball sack, the crevice of his thighs. It gave him goosebumps. "I sure don't feel clean right now."

Hannibal's hand fell on his and pulled it further up, guiding it to wrap around his cock. He sighed contentedly when Will got the message and started jerking him off. "Many women wax their genitals. This is hardly different."

Will tightened his grip. He was hard and pressing into Hannibal's tail bone, which wasn't ideal. But the sight distracted him from the thought of anything much more complicated. For the most part.

An idea leapt into his mind and he dropped his hand. Hannibal made a confused noise and reached for it again. "Dad—"

Will shook him off and took him by the hips, guiding him forward, closer to the mirror.

"Look at yourself," he growled, as he took in the sight himself. Hannibal humored him and lifted his head, eyes gliding over his reflection. His tongue pressed pink between his reddened lips.

"Beautiful," he murmured.

Will adjusted himself, sliding his erection between Hannibal's upper thighs until the head was visible peeking beneath the balls in his reflection.

"And now?" Will breathed.

"Even better."

He reached back to grab at Will and bring him closer, but Will caught his wrist and shifted, pinning it against the mirror. Hannibal's breath caught, and his eyes widened.

"You wanted to see how much I wanted you, right?"

Hannibal nodded, wordless. Will pressed at his thighs to push them closer together and Hannibal cooperated without a fuss, squeezing his thigh muscles and making Will huff in laughter. He craned his neck around so he could kiss Hannibal's earlobe, making the boy gasp and shiver, back muscles shuddering so much Will could feel it against his front. Will ground forward between Hannibal's thighs, satisfied by how soft his ass felt against his hips when he was snug against him.

He was also satisfied by the strength of Hannibal's response to his touches. He captured his ear in his mouth again and sucked, teasing it with his tongue and teeth and making Hannibal make a broken noise. When Will raised his eyes, Hannibal looked considerably less in control than he had minutes ago, and they were close enough to the mirror for his flush to be clear, spreading from his cheeks to his neck and chest. Will took the boy's cock firmly in hand and thumbed over the slit, now damp with precum. He was careful not to be too forceful,

knowing how easily the young man could spill and nervous, on some level, about what would happen once he had satisfied his own desires.

“In Ancient Greece…” Hannibal began, though his voice choked off when Will twisted his grip. He began again. “In Ancient Greece they spoke of such things. Much was written of the pleasures that could be found between a boy’s thighs.”

Will huffed, amused yet not at all surprised that his son would be going on a tangent about Greeks in the middle of a sexual encounter. “The Ancient Greeks aren’t exactly a paradigm of good moral behavior.”

He shifted his hand, trailing down his thighs and up again, cupping his balls in his palm.

Hannibal swallowed harshly. “I wasn’t giving an example of moral precedents. Simply… observing.”

“You *observe* when you want to distract yourself from inconvenient emotions. Are you experiencing inconvenient emotions?”

“Inconvenient is…” His breath caught when Will teased his tip lightly between his forefingers, and exhaled sharply as he thrust forward to seek better stimulation. “… not the word I’d use.”

“Strong emotions, then.” Will sucked at his earlobe again, satisfied despite himself of the gasp it elicited, and the eyelids fallen shut in rhapsody, and the unsteady hand that reached back to claw at him, pull him closer. Will batted it away and then placed it firmly on the mirror, but he indulged Hannibal’s desire and put an arm around his ribcage, crushing him closer to Will as he rutted between his thighs.

“Yes,” Hannibal breathed—and it was unclear whether it was a confirmation, or pleasure at Will’s actions. Will decided it was probably a bit of both.

“Keep looking,” Will said, when Hannibal’s head had drooped in exertion. He raised it again, and Will leaned in so he was cheek-to-cheek with Hannibal, the scruff of his beard brushing against the smooth cheek of his son. This close, he could see some darkness where stubble would normally be, but it was clear he had shaved recently and thoroughly.

Their eyes met—Hannibal’s dark and mascara-streaked, no longer watering but intense; Will’s with the blue-grey of his irises heavily shadowed, and his face no less flushed. Will tightened his grip unthinkingly on the boy’s cock, suddenly flooded with the need to watch him finish. Hannibal gave a choked-off whine, tilting higher than his usual voice, and jerked into Will’s fist until his cum spattered against the mirror.

Will growled. The noises his boy made pushed him exceedingly close to the edge, and he had to restrain himself from being rougher, from digging his nails in as he used his thighs.

He suddenly pulled back and pressed down on Hannibal’s shoulder. “Get on your knees,” he said roughly. “Face me.”

Hannibal obeyed wordlessly, and stared up at Will with open pleasure on his face. His cheeks were so flushed, and stray hairs clung to his face.

Will took his cock in hand fast and rough, tongue parting his lips in concentration as he memorized every detail of this moment.

Hannibal's lashes lowered and he opened his mouth slightly, tongue peeking out invitingly—and that was enough for Will. He came with a grunt and a gasp, breath rough as sandpaper as his cum blossomed across Hannibal's high cheekbones, then over his lips, still red, dripping into his waiting mouth. He wrung the last drop out of himself with a desperate noise and then stumbled back slightly, almost dizzy.

Hannibal licked his lips calmly, eyes never leaving Will's. He dragged a finger across his cheek to pick up the drops spilled there, somehow making this action look elegant, and sucked it into his mouth with a satisfied hum.

Will looked away first, pressing his fingers into his temple. "Fuck," he said. Flat. Not panicked, or desperate, as he had been earlier. Simply a statement of fact.

"I hope you're not going to try to feel guilty about this," Hannibal said. Will sighed.

"Most people don't *try* to feel guilty, Hannibal. It just happens."

"There's no *reason* to feel guilty," Hannibal said again, lightly. He turned to check his reflection in the mirror, and casually caught another drop of cum and licked it off his finger. "I initiated, and I'm mature enough to consent. There was no coercion. You're not biologically related to me, and we're not reproducing. The earth will continue to revolve around the sun."

Will could only envy how calm Hannibal was, but he had to admit that Hannibal's assuredness was somewhat soothing. He sighed.

"The earth will keep spinning," he acknowledged. "But you're going to put on some real clothes and tell your friends you won't be showing up to any social events this week, unless they're for school."

"For what reason?" Hannibal asked in a voice that was not at all dismayed. Will wondered if he was suffering under the illusion that Will was reassigning that time for private use. The thought made him smirk.

"Because there's no way I'm letting you pull that kind of trick and not get grounded."

Will couldn't help but feel the look of outrage on Hannibal's face made it entirely worth it.

"Sorry, bud," he said, without the least bit of remorse. "We're not biologically related, but I still have the right to do that much if you break the rules. And 'don't obliterate boundaries just for the hell of it' is top of the list for you."

Hannibal looked sour, but raised his brows. "If you intend to punish me, why not just spank me?"

Will blinked, mind suddenly buzzing too loudly. “Because I’m sure you’d enjoy that *far* too much.”

“But it’s also your right. You could, if you want to.”

Will sighed again, and gestured at his dresser. “Clothes, Hannibal. And cancel. Now.”

He turned to leave before Hannibal could talk him into doing anything else, but he had the sneaking suspicion Hannibal was not going to be so easily discouraged.

End Notes

So this is it, the Kinktober finale! Just within a year after starting haha. This one is outside of my comfort zone, but I figured fuck it, go big or home - I didn't get this far in Kinktober by staying in my comfort zone. The prompt was "any combination of the above" and I wanted to do something I hadn't done before at all, which seriously cut down on the number of prompts I could choose from. I'd been craving some younger Hannibal/older Will and those are slim pickings, so I ended up with incest and as many other prompts as I could reasonably fit in without the whole thing turning into a phenomenal mess. And now that this one has added "underage" to the list, my Kinktober series carries every possible archive warning, which is weirdly satisfying.

Hope you enjoyed, and thanks to everyone who's followed this wild journey of kink with me!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!